

FEBRUARY 1961

Maryknoll



Lincoln Legacy
—see page 36



PRECISION. Any American youngster could take a clock apart, but how many could put one together as this Japanese schoolboy does?

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Behind The By-lines



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MAGAZINE

TEN YEARS AGO this month, Bishop Francis X. Ford died in a Communist prison. There is probably no other Maryknoller who knows as much about the life of Bishop Ford as does Father Edward R. Killackey. For years, Father Killackey has been tracing down every bit of information, interviewing members of the Ford family and anyone associated with the bishop. Although presently stationed in Africa, Father Killackey has found time to record some of his findings in the article beginning on page 38.

American homemakers who accept electric dishwashers and refrigerators as a necessary part of living can learn that these modern conveniences are not necessary for a happy life. Cristina Vargas lives in a dirt-floored house that lacks water, electricity, and sanitary facilities but she is a happy woman. Her story on page 46 begins a new series on housewives around the world.

In many ways, the aborigines to be found on Formosa are like our American Indians. At least, that is the opinion of many Maryknollers who work among them. Two of our missionaries have pooled their talents to photograph and write the story of a third who is a pastor of aborigines. It is called "Priest Among Head-hunters" and begins on page 2.

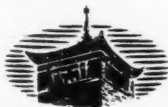
How would you like to buy many acres of land and then discover your plot is a mile long and six feet wide? It happened in Japan. See page 22.

**Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.**

**"... to those
who love God
all things work
together for good."**

Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

**The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, New York**



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A black and white photograph of a man crouching in a field of tall grass. The man is wearing a dark, long-sleeved shirt and light-colored trousers. He is looking down at his hands, which are resting on his knees. The background is a dense field of tall grass and some small trees. The lighting is bright, creating strong shadows.


PRIEST

Father Baudhuin and Tayara grandmother

AMONG HEAD-HUNTERS

*As progress moves in on
Taiwan's aborigines, they
find a friend from outside.*

**Pictures by Gerald A. Nimtz, M.M.;
text by Denis J. Hanly, M.M.**



OVER THERE, Father," the old man said as he pointed a slender, wrinkled finger towards the twin mountains that squeeze the main road. "we lay in the grass. At full sun, the Imperial soldiers climbed into the pass. Ah, there were many heads to be had that day!"

The old man put his slender pipe back into his mouth. Seeing him sitting calm and content, with his grandchildren tumbling in the dust at his feet, one would not imagine that he had, in his youth, hunted men for their heads. He had followed in the steps of his forefathers, whose daring and bravery kept both Chinese and Japanese from intruding into the aborigines' area.

If you take the mountain road from Puli (The Meadows), you can easily miss the small Tayaralan village of Bai-khe (Eyebrow River). It sits hidden on a high shelf above the road. Eyebrow River is typical of all aboriginal villages here on Formosa—a cluster of crude wooden shacks flanking a single dusty "street."

The aborigines are considered poor



At far end of Eyebrow Village stands the church built by Father Jacques.

in a country that accepts poverty as normal, and the poverty of Eyebrow River is not picturesque. Children, wearing clothing donated by the people of America, play in the dirt. Dirt breeds disease, and the millet and sweet-potato diet of the inhabitants is not enough to fortify their bodies. However, the lack of this world's goods is only a small, though pressing, part of a larger problem—the problem of transition from tribal life to twentieth-century civilization.

The Catholic Church has been in Eyebrow River for seven years. Father Armand Jacques, of Detroit, brought it here. For the past four years, Father Robert Baudhuin, of Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, has been the pastor of the village. From here, Father Bob covers seven similar villages, traveling as far as twenty-seven mountain miles to reach the periphery of his parish.

Along with his pastoral duties, Father Bob runs a dispensary and op-

erates a relief-goods station, dispensing flour and cornmeal to supplement the insufficient diet of his flock. The expense involved has kept Father Bob from buying a much-needed jeep. But his motorcycle served well until last summer when he went off the end of a washed-out bridge while trying to help his people during a time of terrible floods. He ended in the hospital with a broken back—perhaps the only missionary who can literally say he broke his back for his people.

Now returned to the job, Father Bob continues from where he left off. Being able to speak the Tayaral dialect (self-taught, without benefit of grammar or dictionary) has given him an intimacy with the aborigines that few others can claim. It also has given him a deeper understanding of the head-hunters turned farmers.

Intertribal wars, ambushes and the like are the history of the Tayaral. In the old days, the forests were as thick

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Everybody works, even Grandma!

with game as the streams were swollen with fish. But now the logging camps of lowlanders have emptied the mountains, and the waters are harnessed for electricity and irrigation of the valleys' rice fields. The Japanese started the aborigines in changing from hunters to farmers—first by partial pacification in short but bloody encounters, and then by sealing the mountains off from all outsiders.

Today the Chinese government has stepped up the educational program, giving aborigines certain benefits in the way of tax exemptions and an opportunity to enter lowland schools, yet preserving their isolation to a degree. But in the press of industrialization and in the threat of war, the aborigines are often lost from sight.

"The present situation cannot exist much longer," says Father Baudhuin. "The Tayalar must move into today's world. Socially, economically, and culturally, these people are centuries be-





Days of past conquest are re-lived in the tales told by his grandfather.

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hind the rest of Taiwan. My people are faced with leaping centuries. If they fail, they will suffer a quick but painful extinction."

In the upper end of Eyebrow River stands the church, like a mother guarding her children, a symbol of dignity and hope. The Church is committed to the aboriginal tribesmen, who seem to have sensed this, for conversion work in the Taiwanese mountains has spread like wildfire. Whole villages have been baptized. Other villages have begged for priests. Why? Grace, of course. But Father Bob feels that another reason is that the Church gives the tribesman a place in the world, opening a door that leads from his isolation.

At Mass the aborigine becomes aware of his essential unity with all members of the mystical body, eating the same Spiritual Food, fired with the same hope of salvation, united in one body with history. The Church gives him a dignity that is deeper than the fierce pride of hunter, one that will outlast the cruel barbs of outsiders who still consider him to be a stupid, tamed savage with a ruthless past.

Today the Church is the center of life in Eyebrow Village. Celebrations are held on the great feasts of the Church. The Tayalar dances around a fire on Christmas eve, rather than around the heads of enemies as in the so recent past. He comes to Father Bob in times of stress or sickness, in times of indecision or disillusionment. But their pastor is quick to point out that there can be no turning back into the past. In every way, Father Bob works effectively to prepare the aborigines to enter Taiwan's culture.

With this in mind, Father Baudhuin



Father Baudhuin treats a baby's skin disease caused by poverty.

has sent some of his people to the outside world of Puli to learn small trades and methods for bettering crop production. One girl has gone off to enter the convent. Father's dream of the future is a parish school where the innate intelligence of the Tayalar can be better developed. The mountain schools are inadequate, and it is difficult for the mountain people to compete with lowlanders in schools of higher education.

Already the high moral teachings of the Church have had beneficial effects in the community at large. Social bonds have tightened. There has been a decrease in infant mortality. Family life has been strengthened.

"The Tayalar are very much like children," says Father Bob. "They are trusting and loyal, high-spirited, and sometimes irresponsible. Like children, they are very easy to love."

When leaving Eyebrow River, you



On this motorcycle Father Bob went off a washed-out bridge and suffered a broken back, other injuries.

Bow-oan is a Tayaral leader. Likeness to American Indian is evident in his features and his tribal life.



will see dirty-faced youngsters in their oversized rags, waving and giggling. Linger a moment, and they will sing you an ancient, lilting song of their tribe, accompanied by the graceful movements of children born to dancing. And as you finally move down the trail, all will call after you a shy, "*Thianchu-bo-iu!*" ("God bless you!")

Perhaps a Tayaral tribesman will pause in his citronella field, following you with his keen woodsman's eye, to wonder what will be the future for his children, as the lowlands move ever deeper into the rising forests. In any event, he knows that he is not alone; and whatever the next fifty years may bring, he will find the courage to face it with Christ—who has come again to take up His lodging with the poorest of the poor.

(Editor's note: Since this article was written Father Baudhuin has returned to America for a short leave. He will be back with his Tayaral soon.) ■ ■

Ceremonies are used to strengthen religious life. This is Ash Wednesday.



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By John J. Considine, M.M.

New Faces in Africa

*In a continent seething with
change, the human equation
is an all-important factor.*

THE lightning burst of speed in Africa's recent evolution exposed some grave miscalculations and serious lack of foresight, at least as to the timing of the political emancipation that, willy-nilly, will work tremendous changes in the social, economic, cultural, and spiritual life of the continent. Churchmen as a whole must accept their share of responsibility in these miscalculations.

Nevertheless, it is to the credit of a few farsighted leaders in the Church that, long before most political powers were thinking of granting civil rights to their colonial subjects, the Church was planning for the creation of a regime of normalcy within its spiritual realm in the great part of Africa south of the Sahara.

Doctor L. P. Aujoulat, veteran French medical missionary and writer on foreign affairs, notes that the Church consecrated Negro African bishops long before France dared name her first Negro African governor, the celebrated Felix Eboué of French Equatorial Africa. Until he died, in the early 1940's, he pioneered as proof that

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the African could reach and enrich the highest administrative posts.

Today there are 30 Negro African bishops on the continent, over 1,900 Negro African priests, and some 5,000 Negro African Sisters, to serve a Catholic population that has grown from a bare million to 21 million since the turn of the century. In several countries, the Catholic clergy was the first segment of the population to receive the equivalent of a university education.

Even among those who have been very close to this march forward in the indigenization of the Church—which represents but one phase of the general emancipation of the peoples of Africa—there is often a failure to appreciate the high, emotional drama that the events have involved. If the stories that come out of Africa these days contain an element of hysteria, it is because the African continent seethes with tension; the excitement of momentous change has charged the air now for more than forty years.

The ordination of the first two African priests, in Uganda in 1913, is a case in point. For Archbishop Streicher and his companion White Fathers, it was an achievement of continental significance that marked twenty years of determined effort. The ceremony took place out of doors, before tens of thousands. At the point where the prelate turned to chant, "Deign Thou, O Lord, to bless these elect ones," the strain was too great for the dear man; his voice broke, and tears of happiness poured down his cheeks.

As to the Africans, they experienced emotions of joy indescribable. The two newly ordained, Fathers Basilio Lumu and Victor Mukasa, journeyed from church to church at the principal

centers in Uganda. One sang High Mass, and the other preached.

The young preacher began with the goodness of God, described the great deeds of His creation, reviewed the major events of history. "And now, my brethren," he would conclude, "admire the greatest of all God's prodigies, that He has raised up two Uganda to His divine priesthood."

"It was a tremendous experience, that Mass and that moment," commented one of the Africans who was present. "We had to press our hands to our mouths, to keep from clapping and shouting in wild applause."

In 1939 a telegram from Rome arrived at the major seminary of Katigondo. It was addressed to one of the professors, Father Joseph Kiwanuka. He read it, sat down, and wept.

"What is it, Father?" a passing confrere asked in alarm.

Silently the young priest handed the telegram to the inquirer. Africa south of the Sahara was to have its first Negro African bishop.

On the day of Bishop Kiwanuka's consecration, by Pius XII in Rome, the Pope said to him: "My son, I have made you not only Bishop of Masaka, in Uganda, but a bishop representing all the Africans. Prove that you can fulfill my hope, and many more African bishops will follow you."

"During ten whole years," this lovely African gentleman recalled, when I visited him in Uganda, "I remained the sole African bishop in East Africa, and at times the burden of my responsibility seemed unendurable."

As the flow of nominations began, the idea of recognition for posts of leadership was still novel, and the Africans reacted strongly. When Bishop

Rugambwa was named in Tanganyika, from village to village the word flew, "We have a new bishop, and he is one of ourselves, the son of Domitian Pushubipera!"

When Pius XII named Bishop Emmanuel Mabathoana over a portion of Basutoland's Catholics, deep in South Africa, the cry was similar. "No African has ever been named to govern us here in Basutoland," the people observed, "but the Holy Father has made a Basuto our spiritual ruler."

Among foreign missionaries on the continent, comprehension of Africa as a new world of accentuated indigenization is evident everywhere, particularly since World War II. A bishop in East Africa pointed out to me the substantial difference between the approach of the new missionary in post-war Africa and the approach in the prewar period.

"Years ago," explained the bishop, "the white priest shook hands with the rare black priest whom he encountered and said to himself, 'This is the fine, young, native son who is going to help me in my work in Africa.' Today the new white priest, if he has caught the temper of the times, shakes hands with the black priest and says to himself, 'This is the native son whose helper I shall be, to help to build the Church in Africa.'"

In the vanguard in advocating freedom for Africans are the Catholic hierarchies of various African lands. In remarkable documents, the united bishops of five countries—French West Africa, Madagascar, Uganda, Tanganyika, Northern Rhodesia—have spoken for the abolition of old-fashioned colonialism. Quite beautifully they describe the position of the

Church. "Properly speaking," they say, "there is never the Church of France, of Germany, of China, of Africa, but the Church of Jesus Christ present in France, in Germany, in China, in Africa, now and always the same."

In Africa south of the Sahara, the so-called multiracial areas—South Africa, Central African Federation, and Kenya—are areas of high tension. By far the worst situation exists in South Africa. There three of the score of Catholic bishops are native-born, white South Africans who, armed with South African citizenship, administer stinging blows against *apartheid*.

Only last year Archbishop Hurley, of Durban, was one of the speakers at a meeting protesting removal of 40,000 people from Durban homes for purposes of segregation. His Excellency condemned the injustice of a measure that made human rights the prerogative solely of persons with white skin. To tamper with human rights, he declared, "contradicts the God-given law of our human nature, and whoever contravenes this law will be in the end devoured by his own aberration."

But such public statements are the exception by Catholic missionaries in South Africa and throughout the continent. The order of the day is to work ceaselessly for the Africans in conformity with statements of principle issued by the hierarchy.

In South Africa 200,000 children in Catholic schools have been deprived of state aid because Catholic schools refuse to accept segregation. To support these schools, the 900,000 Catholics of South Africa—less than 150,000 of whom are white—must raise more than \$750,000 yearly, a back-breaking task. Deeds such as these, rather than

biting words, characterize the program of the Church.

A special dimension in all of Africa's changes is the human equation. Behind every new face in African educated circles is a thrilling story of courageous reaching for the stars.

Consider a scene that took place some years ago, before the faculty of medicine at the University of Paris. Four candidates presented themselves for the doctorate. Three were from France. The fourth was Joseph Conombo, a deputy to the French National Assembly from the section of French West Africa that is now the Volta Republic. As Joseph stepped forward, the dean of the faculty, Monsieur Binet, turned toward a group of White Fathers among the auditors.

"My first word," the dean said, "must be one of thanks and appreciation to you for all that you have done in forming this candidate, and for all that you are doing for the health of the people of the Upper Volta, a country particularly scourged with disease."

Joseph Conombo, a bright young man of the Mossi tribe, had won his way to Paris by his political activity. Once there he used his free time to study medicine at the University of Paris. Monsieur Binet turned to present him with a state diploma of doctor in medicine, the first to be accorded in Paris to a son of the Upper Volta.

"I read with pleasure," said the dean, "in the opening lines of your thesis, those words, 'To heal, what a victory, what a conquest!' I am deeply impressed by the spirit of dedication that certainly dwells behind them."

Doctor Conombo is today not only an able physician, but also an outstanding orator throughout Africa.

**FATHER
CONSIDINE'S
SURVEY OF
MODERN
AFRICA**



AFRICA, WORLD OF NEW MEN

*Brilliant word picture of Africa's
200 million people struggling for
recognition in today's world. \$3.25*

Some years ago, on the other side of Africa, again in Uganda, a teacher asked her class to write an essay on what they intended to be when they grew up. Josephine Namboze, thirteen years of age, looked out of the window and saw nurses and doctors at work in the nearby, Catholic hospital. She picked up her pen and wrote, "I want to be a doctor when I grow up."

When I last visited Uganda, Josephine was the only girl in her class but the head of her class, at the University College at Makerere. She is a soft-voiced, gentle young woman of unusual intelligence, who speaks precise and beautiful English.

"I have never once changed my mind," she said. "I feel that this is the way that I can best help my people."

She received her degree shortly after my visit and then entered upon her career as the first woman doctor in East Africa. Thus one more in the growing list of African pioneers began labors of dedication. ■■



New chapel, named after Our Lady of Sorrows, is dedicated in Korea by Father John Heisse of Chicago. The chapel was donated by American friends.

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Peruvian life of Riley. This Yaguas Indian of the Amazon jungle area relaxes in his hammock. These Indians are among most primitive in Americas.

Around the Mission Front

A photographic roundup from Maryknoll's world-wide missions



Replacement?
Formosan water
buffalo sniffs
a power plow.

C. BURNS



Mexican Little Leaguers plot high strategy.

VELLICHG

Approaching storm darkens the sky of this mission in Shinyanga, Africa.



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SPRINKLE

No-wheeled, homemade gocart on Formosa keeps Little Brother entertained.

Jungle Mass for Bolivian soldiers is said by Father Bernard R. Garrity of Massachusetts.



GARRITY



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BELL

Unusual Holy Week custom in Guatemala finds an effigy of Judas hung from a tree in village plaza (at left) as reminder to all. The boy (above) was caught in this pensive pose by a Maryknoll missionary in Taichung, Formosa.

THE END



ANYANGO AND THE WITCH DOCTOR

By John M. Schiff, M.M.

If you were in this predicament, whom would you choose—the witch doctor or the white doctor?

I assigned Anyango and four other women from Kamagota to a mud hut.

One of these women was named Nyanonkwe. I did not realize, at the time, that Kamagota villagers had always regarded Nyanonkwe as a witch doctor. She was said to be exceptionally good at the *juok*—the spell cast upon a person who is eating, to make his food stick in his stomach and remain there until death occurs.

Things ran along smoothly for about three weeks. Then one afternoon my head catechist, Romanus Saidi, knocked excitedly at my door and shouted that Anyango was dying. I rushed down to the compound and found her lying on the ground outside her hut in a semicoma. Her body was cold, and when I took her wrist, I could hardly find any pulse.

Romanus looked at me and whispered: "She is dying, Father. You had better baptize her."

Calling for some water, I hurriedly performed the ceremony. Then I asked Romanus about her sickness.

HER NAME was Anyango and she was an African from a small village in northern Tanganyika. She was about thirty-five years old, tall and comely; a good catechumen who wanted to become a good Christian.

I met Anyango with 150 other catechumens who had journeyed to my parish in Masonga to begin their six months of study in preparation for baptism. Living quarters consisted of a large, adobe building housing sixty women, a burnt brick building for about twenty men, and numerous mud huts capable of sleeping five to ten persons. Because I always tried to keep people from the same village together,

"She has the *juok*," replied Romanus. "Nyanonkwe gave her the evil eye while she was eating, and now the *juok* is deep in her stomach."

"Has she ever had a sickness like this before?" I asked.

"Yes, once; it was given to her by the same woman. But she was saved by a *jatak* who is an expert at getting rid of this kind of *juok*—so they say."

I told Romanus that I would take Anyango to the physician at the Mennonite hospital about five miles south of our mission. But Romanus said that white doctors had no medicine for this disease, and that only a *jatak* could cure her.

"You should do something fast, for she is going to die," he said.

He was right. The woman was dying.

Then he muttered, "If you really want to see how fast she can die, just take her to the white doctor."

I was faced with a dilemma. As a priest—especially one who had been preaching against superstition for many years—how could I take this woman to a witch doctor? Yet if I did not, I was practically certain she would die. The physician himself once told me, that in certain cases, witch doctors have had success where modern medicine failed. He said that some African patients died of fear, whereas, if they had had confidence in something or someone, they would have lived.

I placed Anyango in the back of the Jeep with Romanus. By then she was completely unconscious and barely breathing. We passed the Mennonite hospital and for a moment I was tempted to drive in—but I continued on, into the bush.

Anyango stirred and mumbled something as we drove into the village

of the *jatak*. Then her eyes opened. She asked for three shillings. I told her I would take care of the money. As we carried her into one of the huts, she began calling the *jatak* by name. When the witch doctor appeared, I was surprised to see a middle-aged woman, clean, and intelligent-looking.

The *jatak* listened intently while Anyango described her symptoms, particularly when she said that the pain started while she was eating and Nyanonkwe was staring at her. Then the *jatak* stood up and shuffled out of the hut. A moment later she returned, carrying a small, sharp instrument that resembled a miniature ax head.

"Three shillings," she said, in an empty monotone. I gave her the sum.

The *jatak* bared Anyango's stomach, pressed twice with her fingers just below the breastbone, and made a thin incision about two inches long. Then, placing her mouth over the incision, she began to suck very hard.

After about two minutes, she spat out a tiny object, presumably extracted from Anyango's stomach, and said, "There is the *juok* that was causing the trouble."

At that, Anyango stood up, with a broad smile on her face.

"Anyango," I asked, "how do you feel?"

"Fine, Father!" she replied. "We might as well get back to the mission. I don't want to miss the next class."

I followed her back to the Jeep. She appeared as healthy as I had ever seen her. Even though I was dazed by the experience, I could recall the words of the Mennonite physician, "Some Africans, because of ignorance, die of fear, unless they find someone or something in which they can believe." ■ ■

Japan's Problem of Land

Some results of the grim search for additional living space on tight, overcrowded islands have lighter elements in them.

By James P. Colligan, M.M.

IN any country, stories may be told of individuals buying land sight unseen, only to find that they purchased several acres on the bottom of a lake or on a mountain peak. Japan is no different. Not an acre, but a *tsubo*—six feet square—is the standard unit of land measurement here.

A recent newspaper article gave an account of a man who bought 1,000 *tsubo* and discovered that he now owns a strip of land six feet wide, which runs for over a mile along a railroad track. Land, at a premium in Japan, is the source of more than a few headaches, for owners as well as buyers.

Before World War II, the Bishop of Sapporo, on the island of Hokkaido, bought some modest pieces of property in populous centers. He wisely foresaw the confused times ahead, when money would undoubtedly devalue, while the land would at least retain its original value. The towns

and cities would certainly demand parishes as soon as priests, foreign or native, could be obtained to staff them. Moreover, the property would be readily available to erect churches and schools as soon as conditions would permit.

There was no way of foreseeing, however, the post-war laws pertaining to redistribution of land and allied matters. One law made it possible for an individual or a family to move onto unfenced or unoccupied property, set up ramshackle quarters to serve as a home, and even lay out a small vegetable garden beside it.

Soon property that had been fenced became unfenced mysteriously, overnight. And to maintain a guard over several pieces of property, scattered over a vast area, was not feasible. The Church was more than willing to allow its land to be used temporarily because, despite the need for schools and

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Space for shoes is even at a premium outside Catholic churches in Japan. People entering homes and places of worship customarily remove footwear.

churches, funds were lacking to build them. Furthermore, missionaries were slow in arriving in sufficient number, and the training of Japanese priests in large numbers was still little more than a distant goal.

So long as the Church would retain legal title to the land, which was the case, what harm could there be in allowing squatters to use it temporarily? Well, the increase in the Church's men and means could not keep pace with the rapid recovery of Japan after the war. The squatter was like the caterpillar that wrapped his unsightly cocoon about him, but was not satisfied with it when he emerged a butterfly. Still the squatter did not fly off and leave the cocoon; he built it to suit his new appearance.

The squatters' ramshackle huts developed into respectable homes, and the vegetables sometimes gave way to rock, moss, and shrubbery. When in-

dividuals who owned land regained their financial footing to the extent that they could build new homes, they found that squatters on the land refused to be evicted. A number of court cases resulted in decisions in favor of the squatters: they had to move only if and when homes of equal worth were provided for them, all expenses to be borne by the landowners.

Happily, when diocesan authorities learned what was happening, they were able, in many places, to fence off what portion of Church property remained uninhabited. But missionaries continue to have troubles even today, in trying to start new parishes.

To provide homes, frequently better-than-average homes, for six or eight families living on Church property is financially impossible. To purchase new land that is in any way accessible is out of the question: such property either is not for sale, or is much too

expensive. Consequently, not being able to staff and to finance schools as we should like, we settle for squeezing our church and living quarters and teaching room into whatever area is left us. In one place, permission had been requested by one of the squatters to put up a little shed to house a few pigs he kept. Now a church stands alongside a twenty-foot-long structure with metal roof and concrete foundation, which houses cows, pigs, and a million flies.

Another squatter is a town official who had been given permission to plant a truck garden in the remaining portion of land, which had been fenced off. When we wanted to build a church, he informed us that he expects to be given the land on which his very fashionable house stands, in return for the faithful watch he kept over the other portion for the past two years.

The squatter situation, and strict laws designed to safeguard rice land, prevent any farsighted planning in the matter of locating parishes or schools. Buying rice land is expensive enough in itself, but the new owner must also build on it within a year or lose it. We are seldom able to do so.

Other factors are involved, too. A missionary who bought a piece of rice land on the outskirts of town scarcely had time to inspect the property before a delegation of farmers went to him asking for "tear money." They wanted

a contribution to dry up the tears they shed over having to part with the land!

Despite all unforeseen difficulties, some plans do turn out all right. In one city before the war, the Church agreed to give up a small piece of land it owned in the business section, in return for a plot on the edge of town. The difference in value was to be compensated for by the city giving a larger piece than it received.

In the general growth and development after the war, the property on the edge of town proved to be situated most favorably on a wide thoroughfare, for which city officials had great business hopes. Legal technicalities in the original property exchange gave the officials hope that they might recover the land. Fortunately, they backed down eventually in the face of opposition. Even more fortunate was the fact that the land, since it might possibly revert to the city, had been kept free of squatters. The Church retained the property in its entirety.

Because of the serious land problem in Japan, it may be wise to change our Western concept of church and school arrangements. We could build a school, church and rectory into one building of three, four, or five stories; but earthquake precautions would make this exorbitantly expensive. Perhaps someone will design a practical building six feet wide and a mile long, to fit beside a railroad track. ■■

They said it couldn't be done! Fifty years ago two priests—Fathers James A. Walsh, of Massachusetts, and Thomas Frederick Price, of North Carolina—founded Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Many said the venture could not succeed. Why? Because the average young American was too soft and too selfish to make a good missionary. How wrong the critics were! Today Maryknoll missionaries are laboring in twelve countries—because of your generosity.

Earthquakes, tidal waves, monsoons, volcanic eruptions, and landslides are mere headlines to most of us living in the comparative ease and comfort of our homes. In parts of Asia and South America, these words carry a far different and horrible meaning. With entire cities and villages laid waste as a result of these violent freaks of nature, hundreds of thousands of souls are left homeless, hungry, and destitute. Children, lucky enough to survive the original holocaust, in thousands of cases find themselves orphaned overnight. Where can they go? To whom can they turn for food, shelter, clothing, and medical care?



MISSION CHARITY FUND

The need for money to alleviate suffering and poverty is tremendous! The victims turn to the missionary—he turns to YOU! Without money to provide medicine, clothing, and shelter, he is powerless to give material aid. Only YOU can untie the missionary's hands and make him free to relieve the suffering and misery that have overtaken his people. Please, will you make a sacrifice so helpless souls may survive? Your donation, in any amount, will help this desperate need.

Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

2-61

Dear Fathers:

Here is \$..... for your Charity Fund. I wish to help the poor and hungry in mission lands.

Name.....

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City..... Zone..... State.....



Chinese novices in Tienchung convent symbolize Christianity taking root.

TAIWAN ISLAND OF HOPE

By Charles M. Magsam, M.M.

Superstitious fear remains one great obstacle to conversion.

A CRAZE for bicycles has come to Taiwan. People will make great sacrifices to own one. Farmers use bicycles to carry hogs to market in open-weave, bamboo baskets. Many a young father takes his whole family for a bicycle ride, with one child on the bar in front of him, and his wife (carrying a baby on her back and holding another child in her arms) behind him. The movement of bicycles tends to obscure the vastly greater numbers of people who must walk, or else ride rickety busses and dangerous trucks.

In the mountains, people walk many hours to attend Mass. For the recent dedication of a chapel at Father Wenceslaus F. Knotek's mission of Cloudy Place, some Christians started walking at dawn in order to be present for the ceremony at five in the afternoon.

This variety in transportation is typical of the land and the people. Taiwan's population is a blend of many races with many religious beliefs. The aborigines are Malayan and seem related to the headhunters of Borneo and the Igorots of the Philippines.

A thousand years ago, or more, Chinese from Fukien Province, on the mainland, began moving in and occupying the western coastal plains of Taiwan. Much later the Japanese occupied Taiwan for fifty years. Since 1945, a couple of million mainlanders have settled here.

The inevitable result is the sort of tension, among varying groups, that exists in the United States, except that bloody battles here have left deeper scars. The aborigines resisted the Fukienese, the Japanese, and the mainlanders. The Taiwanese cannot forget that, when they resisted the mainlanders, some 10,000 were slaughtered by modern weapons.

This racial mixture and the sometimes sharp lines between the groups complicate the work of conversion. Where one language group dominates, a missionary can let its language be the mission language, and he can give his full attention to the dominant group. That is his greatest hope.

Mandarin can be the medium for pockets of mainlanders. Hakka suffices largely for the Hakkas of Miaoli, who came with the early Fukienese and also with the recent mainlanders. But most missionaries must first learn Taiwanese to reach, and identify themselves with, the dominant group; and then learn Mandarin, the official language of schools and Government, in order to broaden their contacts.

The increase of missionaries since World War II has resulted in many conversions among the aborigines. These people have practically no temple worship, observe few superstitions, and are little contaminated by the weaknesses of Western influence.

There have been, also, many con-

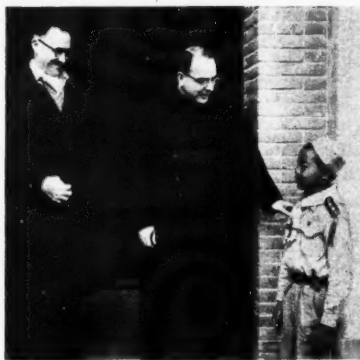
verts among mainlanders who have broken away from their decadent temple worship. But among the Taiwanese from Fukien, or among the Hakkas, temple and home-shrine worship have been more devout and regular, even though dominated by fear of the consequences for neglecting worship. With minds closed to reason and facts, they cling to the fear of what will happen to them if the gods are not worshiped and propitiated.

All the people are friendly and hospitable, however. Those in the country, who still outnumber all others, possess great natural goodness and real character. Superstitious fear seems to be their great obstacle to baptism.

Many parents will permit their children to take instructions, but refuse permission for baptism because, they plead, "If you become Christian, who will do our funeral rites, and who will venerate us after death?"

Ridicule from neighbors is for many non-Christians a powerful block to conversion. To offset this factor, to

Boy Scout in conference with Fathers James F. Smith, Michael R. Gaiero.





Tins of food will be distributed by Father Francis Keelan and helpers.

reduce the fear of the unknown, and to create an understanding friendliness towards the Church, missionaries establishing a new beachhead for Christ begin by friendly acquaintance with every family in the neighborhood. Then they make unobtrusive gifts of food and clothing in times of family crisis, when help is most needed and can be accepted without shame.

This discreet charity is very important, because religion of any sort is intimately associated in non-Christian minds with fear of evil spirits, and fear of retaliation from gods and goddesses if worship is neglected. The cautious pagans need a contrary association of good people (missioners and Christians), of selfless love, of good gifts in time of need, and of compassionate understanding of human weaknesses and lapses.

A fine combination of friendliness and prestige is achieved for the Church by conducting English classes. The people of Taiwan have a high regard for education. Parents want their children in schools. Kindergartens are multiplying rapidly. Primary schools

are fairly common, but not numerous enough to allow space for all children. Middle schools are much fewer in number, and the competitive entrance examinations are very difficult.

Once in middle school, the students work extremely hard and may study half the night for examinations. If they fail in middle school, they cannot hope to go on to the still-fewer opportunities for a college or university education, which will decide their chances for jobs in the Government, in business or the professions.

Up to now, the Government chose to keep education almost entirely in its own hands. But recently it granted permission for more Catholic schools. So there is hope of increasing the mere handful now functioning, and therefore increasing both the number of conversions and the prestige of the Church. Given the chance, Catholic schools will prove that they are valuable assets for the people of Taiwan.

In spite of all the serious problems, missionaries are reaching the people and winning friends for Christ. Western influences and modern industry and commerce, not to speak of "movies," are stirring the islands to a ferment of change. However, the outside influences cut many ways.

For example, of the students who go to the United States for an education, only ten per cent return to Taiwan. And part of the ten per cent who do return always keep planning and saving to get back to the United States.

In another area, music from America has become a part of Taiwanese funeral processions. A poor person may be limited to a drum and a single-stringed violin. But those who can afford it have three bands in the fu-

neral procession, each playing a different tune. "Auld Lang Syne," "Cantate Domino," and "Coming Through the Rye" are a fairly typical combination—the reason being that books of band music have only the music, not the words. In one mission, after the burial of the husband, the funeral band, returning from the cemetery, played "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

Even though pagans are generally content with their own funeral rites, the young are hungry for something new and glamorous in their weddings. At Father James A. McCormack's mission, Towfen, modeled on Carmel in California, the Catholic Church has such appeal that pagans come and ask to be married in the mission church.

They are surprised to learn that they must first be instructed and baptized in the Catholic Faith. But for some of them, that first contact is the step that leads to instruction and baptism. This prestige of the Catholic Church as a place for proper weddings is partly the result of "movies" that occasionally show how boy meets girl, wins girl, and then marries girl in a Catholic church.

For the indefinite future, however, there remains the influence of deep-rooted paganism. It is expressed not only in home shrines but in the curved temple roofs that dominate every city, town, and village. Taiwan has 1,400 Buddhist temples, served by 2,500 Buddhist monks and nuns; also 350 temples to the Goddess of Mercy (Yuan Lin) and 320 temples to the Lady Guardian of the Sea (Ma Tsu).

Naturally, such a volume of temples involves the livelihood and profit of many persons who sell objects used in temple worship. The ancient problem

of Diana and the silversmiths is very real in Taiwan. At least the many home shrines open up the possibility of Christian family worship centered, after the mission church, in the home itself.

In any event, the missionaries are neither discouraged by obstacles nor able to solve all the mysteries of nature and grace. Veterans from the mainland saw unexplainable mass conversions just before the Communists took over. Instead of avoiding compromising contact with foreigners, the people seemed to crave spiritual strength for the inevitable ordeal ahead.

Also, the missionaries were surprised to find that some Chinese, who might have been expected to stand up against the Reds, actually defected from the Faith. Others, who might have been expected to fall away, remained true to Christ. So on Taiwan now, missionaries can only do their best, try to form families and pockets of Christians for mutual protection against paganism, and leave the rest to God. ■■

Fewer Taiwanese worship in the churches than in temples and homes.



By Walter J. Stinson, M.M.



FINGERS IN THE STEW

The man who came to dinner shared much, much more than food.

As a newcomer to Africa, I am of the opinion that nothing could be more bewildering than learning a strange, new language. At the same time, however, nothing could be more exciting, even hilarious, than a young missionary's first few speechless days among his people.

Picture the new priest in the heart of Tanganyika. He burns the midnight oil over a Kisukuma grammar. Dawn breaks, and he goes out on the road. Can he possibly get to first base with any of the passing parade?

Some men whom I meet are bearded Mohammedans. They wear long robes and rakish turbans. During their month of Ramadan, almost coinciding

with our Lenten season, they observe a strict fast according to Moslem custom and tradition.

Others are rather nondescript, pagan herdsmen. Daily they graze their cattle on the pasture lands that surround our language school. Once a month, for an auction, they move into town in what seems like an invasion of countless sheep, goats, and cows.

Some other people are on their way to draw water from the river nearby. They are colorfully garbed women, who demonstrate unusual strength and uncanny skill at their tasks. I marvel to see a mother, with a youngster strapped on her back, carrying four gallons of the precious liquid in an

old kerosene tin perched on her head!

Then there are the green-shirted lieutenants of Julius Nyerere—who is an outstanding figure in African politics, an exemplary Catholic family man, and Tanganyika's leading statesman. His enthusiastic countrymen salute everyone with the popular slogan, "*Uhuru na Kazi!*" This Swahili expression points up the country's drive for independence. As used by members of the Tanganyika African National Union, which Nyerere directs, it means "Freedom and Work!"

Finally, there are the parishioners of Immaculate Heart of Mary Church in Shinyanga, where our language school is located. These good Christians, young and old, unintentionally embarrass a new priest by their open signs of respect for him. This is one of their ways of showing a love for Christ, the head of the Mystical Body, who gives His members life in the Church.

The parishioners are fairly typical Basukuma people, members of the largest tribe in Tanganyika. I greet them frequently while learning the Kisukuma language. They are, of course, as varied as people the world over. They are friendly, willing, and even exceptional conversationalists. Above all, they are amazingly patient with the young missionary who wants to learn their language in order to tell them about our Father in heaven.

However arduous the job of learning a new language, it has its rewards—in the most unexpected ways. I met a jolly and rotund grandmother on the road one day. A Christian of many years, named Catherina, she invited me to dinner with her family. At noon I reached her small, urban home.

After exchanging the customary

greetings with members of the family, I was taken to a room apparently reserved for guests. Promptly dinner was served. With the men of the family, I ate *bugali* and beef.

Bugali is a mild-tasting food prepared from corn that has been pounded to powder in a wooden bucket. When served piping hot, it looks like the cereal I had devoured on many a wintry morning in my youth. It is eaten with the fingers of one hand—as are the accompanying meat sauce and portions of beef, available in another common bowl.

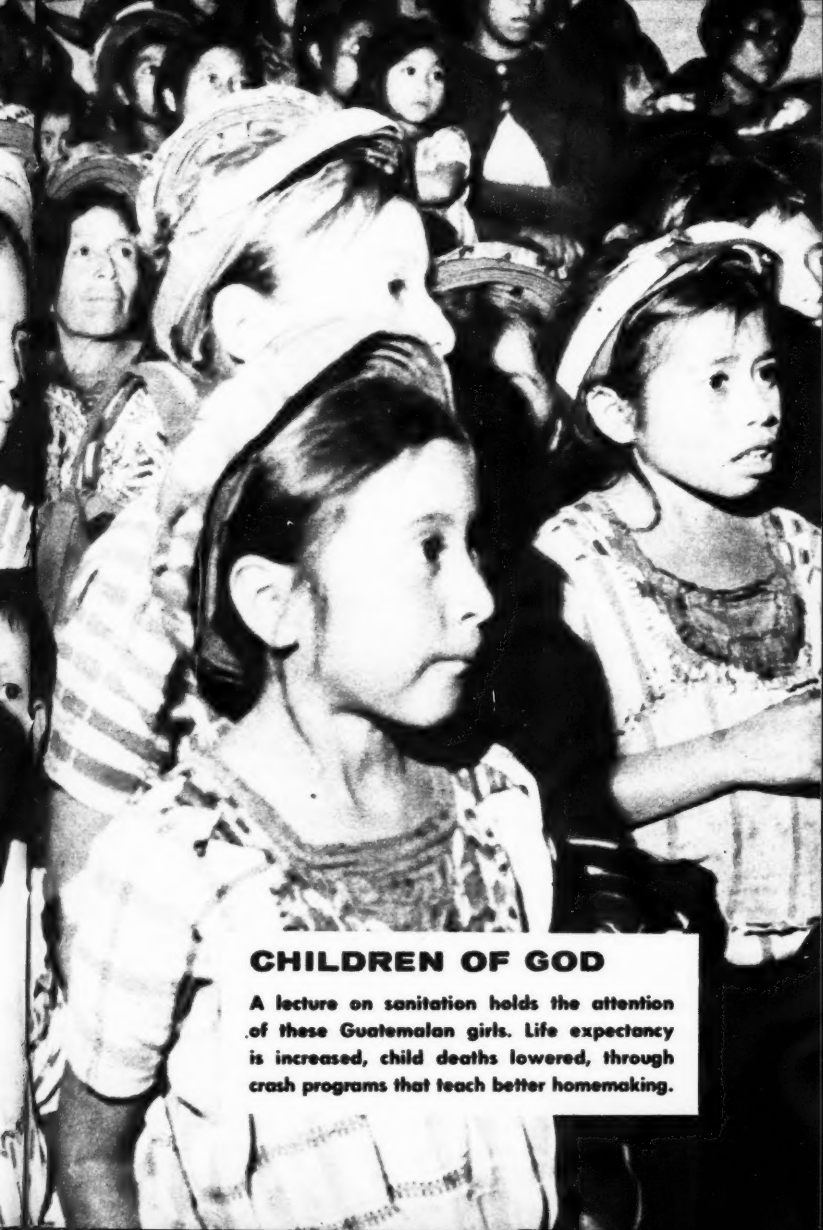
I found my first African meal to be quite satisfying. But what impressed me even more deeply was a kind of growing acceptance by the people who were my hosts.

They were most hospitable from the beginning, to be sure. However, I sensed that they had entertained a secret doubt about the priest's willingness to eat their food with them. Perhaps this was because they had never had a priest at their table before. Or perhaps the difference in color tended to perpetuate uncomfortable and unjustified feelings of inequality.

Whatever the explanation, those Africans and I ate the meal together and banished all doubts in mutual joy. A simple invitation to dinner brought this young missionary a new understanding of his people's language and culture. Sharing food is an ordinary gesture, but it served a high purpose.

In a new way, guest and hosts recognized themselves as members of the same family, the family of God. Even though the words were few, the smiles said we were one in aspiring to the kingdom of our Father within the fold of the Church, our Mother. ■■





CHILDREN OF GOD

A lecture on sanitation holds the attention of these Guatemalan girls. Life expectancy is increased, child deaths lowered, through crash programs that teach better homemaking.

A Prayer for Kazuchan

By Bertrand A. Gramelspacher, M.M.

TODAY, little Kazuchan, you came to church for the first time. I guess, from your point of view it was not a big occasion. For who in the world wants to leave a nice warm bed at two o'clock in the afternoon to go to church?—especially if that someone is only a two-week-old baby. Nevertheless, Kazuchan, at two o'clock you came, strapped to your mother's back, all bundled up. But you looked contented, and it was just as well you didn't see the long-nosed foreigner, for certainly you would have started to cry.

You didn't know it, Kazuchan, but you were the center of attraction around the church today. The little children were practicing for the Christmas play and the high-school boys were working hard, building and painting the outdoor Crib scene. But when you came in, everyone stopped, because today was the day of your baptism.

"What do you ask of Mother Church, Francis Xavier?" Oh, so your name is Francis, for the great saint who first brought the good news of Christ to your beautiful Japan! You have chosen a beautiful name, Kazuchan, and may Saint Francis himself protect you through life.

But do you really know what happened to you this afternoon, Kazuchan? You were more than a "show-stopper," for when I poured water over your head, Jesus-san's sacrifice on Calvary was applied to your soul. No

longer were you merely a creature. You became a child of God, and all the angels in heaven and God's Church on earth rejoiced. You are a member of a big family, Kazuchan, and this afternoon everything that happened on Calvary two thousand years ago was applied to you.

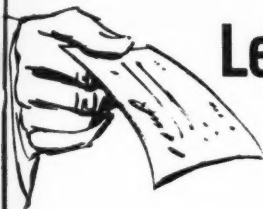
Here, today, in a small town on Japan's island of Hokkaido, God's finger touched your soul.

But time goes by quickly, Kazuchan! Before you know it, people will be calling you *Katoo-kun*, and then *Katoo-san*. You will grow into golden manhood. What life has in store for you, Kazuchan, I can't begin to tell you. Perhaps you will become the prime minister, or a university professor, or maybe a fisherman like your father. Or is it my wishful thinking that you might someday become a priest of God, serving your own people?

But whatever happens, Kazuchan, never forget that you are a member of a large, glorious family—God's family—whose members work to follow Him, wishing for nothing else than to be His friends, His children.

In the world, this big family is still only a minority. And in Japan? Well, in Japan, we Catholics don't even number one half of one per cent!

But tonight as I write this, Kazuchan, I hold a prayer for you in my heart: that in your lifetime God will test your zeal, so that (perhaps in this Hokkaido town) you will someday achieve great things for Him. ■■



Let Us Send YOU A Check!

Let us send you checks twice a year for as long as you live, no matter how long!

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For each \$1,000 you pay, we'll return you from \$30 to \$60 (depending on your age when payments start), year after year. You will be safe from unwise choice of investments, loss or fraud or market fluctuations. You will also gain important tax advantages. Experienced advisors, and the New York State Insurance Department,

assure the safety of your income.

Buying a Maryknoll Annuity, you gain protection *and help your missions*. For when you no longer need the money, it will be used to feed the hungry and heal the sick, to start churches in mission lands, to train young seminarians, to spread Our Lord's Word.

Let us send you our free booklet, which explains *How To Keep While Giving*. No obligation.



Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York

2-61

Dear Fathers,

Without obligation, please send me your free booklet, How to Keep While Giving.

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Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

The Legacy of Abraham Lincoln

By Albert J. Nevins, M.M.

HE was a small, slender man. He had never before been more than a few hundred miles from his home in central Africa. Then through the kindness of some people in the United States, he was given the opportunity to visit our country. He traveled about our great cities and small towns. He met Americans from all walks of life. Then it came time for him to return home.

"What was the highlight of your visit to America?" he was asked.

"The shrine of Abraham Lincoln in Washington," he replied without hesitation. He pulled a tattered notebook from his pocket. "See! I copied the words carved in stone there. You can't understand what they mean to an African. They are precious words of a noble-minded leader, who spoke with great faith and confidence in God, with conviction of sacred human rights, with belief in equal opportunity for all."

The appeal of Lincoln to colonial peoples or peoples just emerging from colonialism is one of the most valuable possessions for international good-will that the United States has. His words speak directly to the aspirations of their own hearts. Men everywhere look upon Lincoln as one of their own.

In a recent art contest held in Southeast Asia, only two pictures that were entered were of American subjects, and both were of Lincoln. Tom Mboya, the young leader in Kenya, told the

editors of this magazine that much of his inspiration for freedom had come from studying the life of Lincoln.

When a reporter from this magazine asked Julius Nyerere, the African who is leading Tanganyika into nationhood, who his heroes were, he replied that they are Gandhi and Lincoln, and added that he was re-reading Lincoln's addresses at that moment.

"Men like Gandhi and Lincoln are teachers," Nyerere stated. "They are still teaching us. They fought for a human principle, a principle that is always with us. If humanity ignores their message, humanity goes astray. Take Lincoln. He fought for the principle that all men are equal. He staked everything on a big human issue. The world needs another Lincoln now."

The secret of Lincoln's appeal lies in his life and character. An unhand-some, ungainly man, he came from a background of poverty. Possessing almost no formal education, he trained himself to read and write, and then learned law by his own study and by practical experience. Because of the circumstances of his life, poor and backward people can easily identify themselves with him, for most of them face the same problems that he faced.

But it was Lincoln's spiritual make-up that captures the imagination of men. He was a man of simplicity who sought no honors for himself. Long

before he became president, he wrote to a friend, "Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do." He was gifted with a clear mind and great common sense, but his real distinction was in his integrity which caused him to speak out, not from politics but from principles. His words were not constricted by time.

Lincoln could have been writing to our own generation when he declared: "Our progress in degeneracy appears to be pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that 'all men are created equal.' We now practically read it 'all men are created equal, except negroes.' When the Know-nothings get control, it will read 'all men are created equal, except negroes and foreigners and Catholics.' When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty—to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, without the base alloy of hypocrisy."

Lincoln's stature can be gauged by the way he treated the people of the South. Before the war, he pleaded with Southern leaders not to take any hasty action. "Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time," he declared. "We are not enemies, but friends. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection."

Then as the terrible Civil War drew to a close, he forgave those who had become his enemies. "With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds..."

Because Lincoln did not belong to any particular church, the charge has

been made that he was irreligious. Nothing could be more untrue. "I know that there is a God and He hates injustice and slavery," he wrote. "I am nothing, but truth is everything; I know I am right because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it, and Christ is God. I have told them that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and Christ and reason say the same."

Lincoln was a man who stood alone in the dark. Assailed by personal sorrows and bitter political trials, faced with the disintegration of the country he loved, Lincoln retained his sense of justice and mercy. And in so doing, Lincoln truly became a man of the ages. ■ ■

MR. MOTO SAYS:



"A bird can roost on only one branch; a mouse can drink no more than its fill from a river."

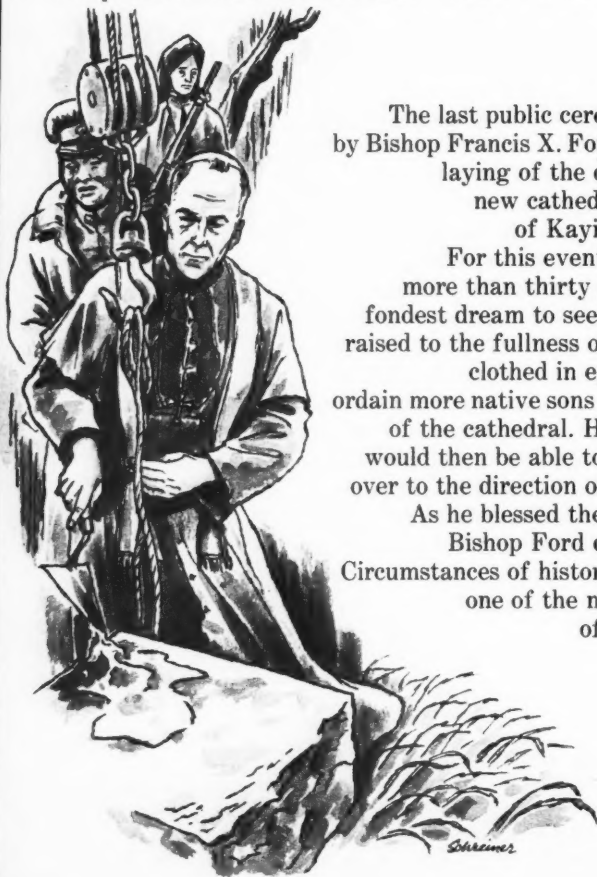
By Edward R. Killackey, M.M.

A Cornerstone for Tomorrow

The last public ceremony conducted by Bishop Francis X. Ford, M.M., was the laying of the cornerstone for a new cathedral in his diocese of Kaying, South China.

For this event, he had worked more than thirty years. It was his fondest dream to see a Chinese priest raised to the fullness of the priesthood, clothed in episcopal raiment, ordain more native sons on the high altar of the cathedral. He, the missionary, would then be able to turn his diocese over to the direction of Chinese clergy.

As he blessed the stone, however, Bishop Ford could feel no joy. Circumstances of history made that day one of the most sorrow-filled of his priestly life.



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TEN YEARS ago, on the twenty-first of February, a thin, wearied, almost-pallid prelate was being led from his rectory-turned-prison, by a group of armed, municipal police. Halfway to their destination, they were met by another squadron of police, in the center of which was an American Sister, the bishop's secretary. Her dark-circled eyes betrayed weeks of constant strain. The two prisoners were to be the main participants in a ceremony, the laying of a cornerstone.

The country was China. The locality, Kaying City. The prelate, Francis Xavier Ford, Bishop of Kaying. His secretary, Sister Joan Marie Ryan.

Two short months before, armed local police had entered the Kaying mission compound and placed under house arrest the entire personnel: the bishop, five Maryknoll Sisters, and two Chinese priests. Only the previous morning, the basement church of the unfinished cathedral had been decorated for Christmas. But other preparations ended abruptly. From the day of the police entry, public Mass was never again to be offered in Kaying.

The preceding year—1950—had been a banner year for missionary effort in China. Bishop Ford's area had matured from the status of vicariate to that of full-fledged diocese. Even the construction of a cathedral was in progress. It was to be named after the Holy Family. The saintly prelate, serving Christ in China since 1918, and in Kaying proper since 1925, hoped that the massive and magnificent edifice would solidly establish the Catholic Church in the region.

Upon the building's completion, the pioneers in the establishment of a native clergy in the Kaying area would

offer Mass at its main altar. He, their bishop, would solemnly pontificate, and his heart would pound with happiness in knowing that behind him in the cathedral's sanctuary would be circles of local Chinese young men who had become priests, many of whom he had ordained himself. Already he had named a Chinese priest as his vicar general. And for years the rector of Saint Joseph's Seminary had been Father Paul Lam, a Chinese priest training future Chinese priests!

The year 1950—the Holy Year—had been one of telescoped progress and inestimable sacramental advances for Christ in China. Kaying diocese was typical. The local people in large groupings sought to enter the Church. Night schools for convert instruction had to be initiated to accommodate eager workers and shopkeepers. The Kaying mission was witnessing its most fruitful year—its silver jubilee under Francis Xavier Ford. And all this despite the Communist penetration of the city in May of 1949.

But the dream ended two days before Christmas, 1950. The year had reached its chronological turning point; so, too, a sacramental one. Travel-worn Christians flooding Kaying City from the mountainside near Kaying were turned back at the gate of the mission compound by Red soldiers.

Their heartbroken shepherd watched from the rectory where he had been confined. He was not allowed to leave his small room, was questioned daily for hours, awakened at any time to answer impromptu quizzes, and forced to sleep on top of a small wooden desk. If he dozed off, he was rudely awakened by a belligerent soldier, whose awkwardness in security per-



Bishop Francis X. Ford (1892-1952)

formance was accentuated by shouts: "Fingerprint this letter!" "Sign this paper!"

Then one day, without warning, the local Red militia stopped searching through the bishop's papers. A quintet of carefully prepared interrogators from Peiping had arrived in Kaying City. Their presence assured the populace that the case of Bishop Ford was of such serious portent that it merited the attention of the national Government. They would ferret out an American imperialist spy!

The Peiping officials had planned their investigation well in advance. They were well-educated interrogators whose native language was Mandarin, but members of the team knew French and Latin. All of them showed a command of English.

Interrogation is the chief tool used by Communists for getting at facts, interpreting them, obtaining informa-

tion about suspected persons. And they regard everyone as suspect until proven otherwise! Interrogation also creates an atmosphere of suspense and fear, which confuses the people who are questioned. The technique never varies, though it may be used briefly or extend over hours.

The difference between the interrogation as used by the local Kaying police and the Peiping officials was the difference between amateurs and professionals. The former were bullying, threatening, and clumsy. The latter were experienced, sharp, psychologically trained to intimidate without seeming to do so.

The local men were always looking for the wireless that was not there, the guns and the private treasures. The Peiping officials, one of whom knew accounting, started with finances. Once they became familiar with the files, they went on to Church policies and political matters. The Peiping investigators gave Bishop Ford and Sister Joan Marie the sense of being opposed by mechanical men, men without feeling or mercy.

It wasn't long before the matter of the cathedral construction came under consideration. The building, which Bishop Ford planned over the years, had begun to take shape after the war. For twenty years the cathedral parish had been what he called "nomadic."

It started originally in a room under the pastor's bedroom, in a small house, where six Catholics could sit comfortably. Next, the chapel was moved to a dwelling that would seat fifty persons. A former bus station, large enough to hold 100 worshipers, then became a parish church. Finally, the congregation moved into a house with a covered



One of the last pictures of Bishop Ford, taken in Kaying City in 1949.

courtyard, where 400 persons squeezed to hear Mass.

When the new cathedral's basement was ready, the bishop and the pastor conducted a solemn ceremony, a sort of liturgical "moving day." At the end of Mass, the pastor invited his people to take up their pews and walk.

"The old men and women were given the lighted candles from the altar, the missal and altar cards, the Stations of the Cross, and holy-water stoups, to carry," Bishop Ford later wrote. "The carpets were lifted in their dusty clouds of glory, and the sanctuary rail was taken in sections.

"The younger men and women raised their pews and, led by the cross-bearer and acolytes, in somewhat nonliturgical procession moved through the fields and streets. At a decent interval, the pastor followed with the Blessed Sacrament, and then a new life began for the cathedral parish."

Some time before the arrival of the interrogators from Peiping, Bishop Ford had ordered continuing the building of the cathedral as long as the lime mixture held out. The workers were glad, for it gave employment until the Chinese New Year. As the work drew to a close, the foreman asked if the bishop wanted the cornerstone put in place. The ceremony had originally been planned for Christmas Day.

The Government officials approved of the building, for they had plans of their own for its use. So the cornerstone was taken to the bishop's house. Sister Joan Marie received permission to go to her desk in the office, to obtain the inserts.

"What are those?" the local chief of police asked when she returned. "Here, let me see them." He looked them over cautiously, fearing the displeasure of the men from Peiping for any mistake.

One of the items that Bishop Ford

wanted put in the cornerstone was the first spiritual report of the mission area, dating back to 1927. When the police chief examined the items he saw that the report contained a little sketch, a map of the territory showing parishes and outstations of that time. He was obviously troubled. The investigators from Peiping were consulted. They read the booklet and examined the hastily sketched map; then they gave permission.

"How did the stone turn out?" asked Bishop Ford, as he handed the objects to Sister Joan Marie.

She answered quickly: "It's right outside. Should you like to see it?"

The bishop turned to his interrogators, and they gave permission—with a nod.

By the time the shepherd of Kaying stepped out the door of his house, the masons had hoisted the cornerstone to the cathedral floor. The platoon leader and armed guards fanned out on each side of the bishop, as he walked over to the cathedral and climbed the make-shift stairway. It was the first time that Bishop Ford had been outdoors since the investigation began.

The workmen crowded around him. He was not permitted to talk. He examined the stone carefully, running his index finger over the chiseled indentation made by the representation of the cross. On one side it read "1950"; and on the other, "Bishop Ford, Bishop of Kaying; Father Lam, Vicar General; Feast of Christmas."

Without hesitation, Bishop Ford made the Sign of the Cross over the stone, and indicated where it should be placed. His lips were moving, saying the prayer of the Church for such a ceremony. But in place of solemnity,



Xavier was a prophetic middle name.

starkness had to suffice. The prayers were said, mutely but fervently. "Except the Lord build the house, they toil in vain that build it."

As Bishop Ford directed the stone into place, he knew that the chiseled cross on the angular granite would be profaned. Should the edifice be completed, it no doubt would serve as a billet for Satan's army, a drill hall for lending precision to the demonic task of stamping out Christ's image in the hearts of Chinese Catholics.

Never would the Eucharistic Christ reign in the unfinished cathedral. Never would the swaying flicker of a sanctuary lamp lend mute testimony that "this is God's house." Never on its walls of prominence would be seen the episcopal motto, "*Condolere*," of the shepherd of Kaying.

The guards moved in Bishop Ford's direction. Without even noticing their impertunity, he turned slowly. His weary frame betrayed his measured step as he returned to the residence. The day was the feast of Saint Severian, bishop and martyr. The good saint

must have smiled on the group from his vantage point in heaven. Events in Palestine in the year 452 had been hardly any different. Only variant circumstances of history prevailed.

Exactly one year after the soul-less cornerstone ceremony, the shepherd of Kaying would be asked to live to the maximum his motto of "*Condolere*"—of having compassion on his flock. The price would be a lonesome death in the hospital ward of Huang Hua Lu Provincial Prison in Canton, South China.

That evening, under cover of darkness, a clumsy group of deputized Red soldiers would place the worn, jaundice-ridden frame of Francis Xavier Ford in a shallow grave in a deserted cemetery, on the outskirts of Canton. No episcopal raiment would be his vesture: only the plain, cotton, padded gown of a prisoner. No consoling and grace-filled prayers of Holy Mother Church would be heard: only the disgruntled and profane phrases of Red soldiery breaking the silence of interment. For a floral tribute, knee-high underbrush, spattered with moistured dirt, would have to suffice.

Again it was the feast of Saint Severian, bishop and martyr. It was also the eve of the feast of the Cathedral of Saint Peter, the Apostle of Antioch. It was Vesper time, with the

closing antiphon: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of the Lord." The shepherd of Kaying City would celebrate the feast of the Church at Antioch in the company of Peter and Paul.

Yet, despite Red martyrdom, Francis Xavier Ford was to have a part in finishing a cathedral. Long after his death, officials of Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York decided to complete the theme of the Fruits of the Holy Spirit in its clerestory windows. The windows in the north clerestory were to be devoted to the gifts perfecting man by strengthening him against evil. The second window was to be devoted to longanimity, symbolized in the tracery by the passion flower and the heavenly crown for long-suffering and spiritual reward.

The two dominant figures were chosen. Saint Juliana Falconieri is on the left. At the right is Bishop Francis Xavier Ford, clothed in full Mass vestments of red for martyrdom. At his feet are the Irish harp and shamrocks. Nearby is the representation of his gravestone in Canton. Above are the bishop's miter and crozier, with the Maryknoll symbol. The postscript to the unfinished Holy Family Cathedral of Kaying had been written by the Catholic world. ■ ■

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

2-61

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Grace and Mr. Five

He asked about wings and being able to fly around in heaven.

ONE DAY in the mainland village of Taai Waan, back in the era when the whole of China knew freedom, I was called to attend a dying young man, the brother of one of our seminarians. Although not an altogether exemplary Catholic, the sick man wished to have all the help that the Church could provide for his soul. He got it, and died a good death.

In the same house, there lived a close relative, also a Catholic but an extremely tepid one, who had not been to church for seven years. He forbade the transportation of the dead man's body to the mission for a Requiem Mass.

A week or so later, that relative, who had been apparently in perfect health, suddenly was taken with a strange sickness. No one knew what disease he had. Several times his brother and others tried to influence him to see a priest. However, he absolutely

refused our ministrations, being quite adamant and violent about it. He even declined our medicine, which might have cured him.

In desperation he called in several pagan doctors who, of course, could not diagnose the case. Then he finally resorted to superstition. Some devil doctor placed an urn under the sick man's bed, covered it, and proclaimed to one and all that it should stay there untouched for five days—and woe betide any person who might remove it!

The sick man's condition steadily became worse. At times he threw himself violently from the bed, to writhe on the floor or struggle with those who tried to help him. When Father Albert V. Fedders decided to talk to him, the man was calm and quite civil, but positively refused any help, spiritual or material.

Exactly five days after the man had been stricken, Father Fedders suggest-

ed that we both go over and say hello to him. I agreed. So, after dinner, we walked to his house, which was about three minutes away. As we entered, we saw at a glance that the man was dying. He was unconscious and breathing heavily.

Father Fedders rushed back to the mission for the holy oils. I tried frantically to get some sign that the man wanted the Last Sacraments. He was definitely in a coma, but perhaps his sense of hearing was still alive. After much shouting on my part, he moved his head up and down once.

Father Fedders came back with the holy oils. As I was making the sign of the cross on the man's forehead, he breathed his last. Did he make it? We leave it to Almighty God to judge such a soul. Our hope is that he had nodded his head on purpose to say "yes" about the Last Sacraments.

A month later, in a village five miles from Taai Waan, a pagan lad lay dying. He was a young man in his late thirties, by the name of Mr. Five. What his sickness was, no one knew.

The people of Cross-Grained Wood village had not come into the Church, although opportunities were multiple. Yet the spirit of the Faith must have touched some of them, for Mr. Five thought of the missionaries as soon as his heart told him that it would not last long. He sent a messenger to us. His motive was not entirely pure, for he did feel that the priest might have some magic medicine to cure him.

I called off classes for the afternoon and went to visit Mr. Five. The village people welcomed me cordially, with tea and firecrackers. There was no use in talking about a cure for Mr. Five. However, his faith in material medi-

cine was so strong, perhaps he might have a little bit of the same kind of faith in spiritual medicine.

I tried, and my attempt worked. That was the first time I had ever told a pagan Chinese that he was going to die. Mr. Five must have had someone's special prayers, for he was very docile and not a bit afraid of "passing the mountain."

He asked if he would see the One who made his soul and his arms and his legs, and his family and friends and enemies. He especially wanted to know whether he would get wings and be able to fly around God's kingdom, and be happy forever. To be able to see God, and ask Him to give Mr. Five's wife and babies and all his friends and relatives enough rice to eat, had a big effect on the sick man's decision. I instructed and baptized him.

Mr. Five was perfectly happy and resigned, when I left. I told his brother confidentially (for it would never do to broadcast such news to the whole village) that the sick man had only a few days more of life.

Two days later a messenger came for me again. This time I gave Mr. Five the Last Sacraments, which included a free ticket to paradise. He died a day or so afterward. Rather, he began to really live—in eternity.

The contrast in the two deaths struck me forcibly. One poor fellow died in questionable circumstances; but if he had used a little of the grace God offered him, his chances of salvation certainly would have been improved a thousand per cent. And the pagan, who had lived thirty-seven years without any supernatural timber about his soul for support in the depths of sin, just tumbled into heaven. ■■

HOUSEWIVES AROUND THE WORLD



Cristina Vargas, Mayan mother

ALTHOUGH Cristina Vargas is not blessed with any abundance of this world's goods, it would be hard to find any woman in the world who is happier.

"When I look at my family and see how fortunate we have been," she says, "I ask myself, 'What have I done to deserve all this?'"

Cristina is a thirty-nine-year-old housewife of Merida, Yucatan. She is a descendant of Mayan Indians. For the past twenty years, she has been married to Jose Encarnacion Vargas, a shoemaker. She has four children: Maria de la Cruz, age nineteen; Maria Pastora, fifteen; Jose Guadalupe,

Background: Thomas P. O'Rourke, M.M. / Photos: Joseph E. Early, M.M.

A Woman Close to God



Cristina rounds up the neighborhood children for weekly catechism class.



The family budget is prepared each week by Cristina and her husband. She manages the money. Jose helps out because she cannot read or write.

twelve; and Felipe Daniel, nine. Maria de la Cruz works and Jose Guadalupe has just entered the minor seminary.

"When my children were born," Cristina told us, "I offered them to God so that He could do with them what He wanted. The only thing important for them in life is to do what God wants."

Cristina's home is a typical Mayan thatched house about fifteen by fifteen feet. It has a dirt floor, no electricity, no water. Furniture is simple and sparse. There are two small tables, one used as a vanity, the other for making tortillas. There is a large table for eating, some stools. A big wooden trough for washing clothes completes the furniture. There are no beds but each member of the family has a hammock

which is hung at night when he or she is ready to retire. On one wall is a picture of the Sacred Heart.

Cristina and her husband began building an addition to their house to provide a room for the boys and another for the girls. They estimate that the addition will cost about \$300. However, the building has been halted. The money for the construction came from Maria de la Cruz's salary. Maria had a job as timekeeper for the Highway Department, but the highway projects ran out of money, and so did Maria.

Cristina's day usually follows a set routine. She rises every morning at half past five and has breakfast ready by seven. At eight o'clock she goes to market. Because she has no refrigeration, food must be bought fresh each



A neighbor's well provides the daily water and the friendly talk.



Cristina also has an affection for animals. Her dog is named Lobo.

Maria Pastora prefers to wear modern dresses to Mayan costume.





Time for her children can always be found. Cristina is happy that Jose Guadalupe (right) has decided to enter the minor seminary in Merida.

day. Her weekly food budget amounts to \$7.64. Her average purchase includes ground corn for tortillas, a few onions, coffee, fruit in season, salt, sugar, soap and chili. Now and then she buys a piece of meat.

She is home by half past nine and begins dinner. At half past eleven, she takes dinner to her husband, and an hour later serves the rest of the family at home. The afternoon is spent in washing, ironing, and mending. Mayas are exceptionally clean people, and their white clothing is kept spotless. Cristina is no exception.

She begins preparing supper about five thirty. At six the family eats its

evening meal. She then goes to church for evening Mass. Twice a week after Mass she attends meetings. Cristina is generous and very interested in helping others. That's why she is a member of the parish Saint Vincent de Paul Society and Catholic Action. Her special projects are helping in relief work and persuading families to dedicate themselves to the Sacred Heart. By nine o'clock, Cristina is home and in her hammock.

Cristina Vargas never had any formal education, and she can neither read nor write. She is, however, a very intelligent woman who is respected by her neighbors and fellow parishioners.



Every day Cristina goes to market. Her weekly food allowance of less than eight dollars does not go far. (Below) Cristina is in her kitchen.



If one had to pinpoint a special characteristic to apply to her, it would have to be gaiety. She manages to make many friends by simply being affable.

Cristina meets her friends at the market, at a neighbor's well where she must go for water, and at church. The conversation always concerns itself about local events. The women discuss their problems, sicknesses, their children. Since they are all poor, sickness comes often into their families.

We asked Cristina what part of the housework she liked the least.

"Making tortillas!" she quickly replied, and then added with a twinkle in her eyes, "So I've put Maria Pastora in charge of making them."

Tortillas are the staple of the Mayan diet and the Vargas family eat them at every meal. Breakfast consists of a cup of chocolate and tortillas. Dinner



Laundry is a daily chore. White Mayan clothes need to be washed often.



With neighbor's son and their own two boys, Jose and Cristina pause before entering their parish church. Cristina attends Mass every night.

is made up of tortillas, beans, coffee, fruit when in season, and occasionally some meat (beef, pork, chicken or turkey). Supper finds tortillas once again, usually accompanied by beans. Water is the beverage for supper. The Mayan diet is monotonous, not because the people wish it so, but because of their poverty.

We asked Cristina if there is anything she would wish for herself. She thought for a moment and then said it would be nice to have a sewing machine so that she could make clothes for her family. She also wishes they could have their own well.

Cristina's whole life is bound up in her family. She has given her children the best education she could. She

wants her children to be better off economically than she and her husband.

Outside of her family, the only other dominant interest in her life is her religion. Jose Encarnacion was not a Catholic when he asked to call on her. Cristina told him that he didn't stand a chance. He took instructions in the Faith, and only then was acceptable. Today he is a good Catholic, and a fine family man and husband.

"As long as my children do what God wants," Cristina reiterated, "I am happy. My husband and I give them a decent home and good example. I tell them that the most important thing is for each to lead a good Catholic life. If they serve God, they will always be happy."

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Her family is the center of Cristina's life. She often takes out the medals Jose Guadalupe and Felipe Daniel won in school to show friends.



Pedro Jove, conducting biweekly review of doctrine for Peruvian teachers.

Pedro and the God Seekers

By William H. Moeschler, M.M.

Attracting volunteer catechists is one thing, but teaching them how to teach is another...

A NATURAL-BORN teacher, with years of living his Catholicism against opposition, is Maryknoll's number-one catechist in the Azangaro area of Peru—Pedro Jove. He is tall for an Indian; his slim, well-proportioned body is always dressed neatly in homespun clothes. Married to Marcelina Quispe and father of four children, Pedro is one of our paid catechists. He directs

and instructs fifty, volunteer catechists who teach doctrine in the haciendas of the Chupa section of our parish.

Pedro's father died when he was a baby, and his mother raised the family of two girls and a boy with the income from a small tract of land planted in potatoes. Added to the ordinary difficulties of severe weather and primitive farming methods, was the fact that the boy grew up in a section of Azangaro Province that is ninety-seven per cent Adventist. One of his sisters, not being able to withstand social pressure, did become a Seventh Day Adventist; but Pedro's mother, his other sister, and he held onto Catholicism against terrific odds.

Against such opposition, Pedro developed into a stanch, militant Catholic. He attended school in Azangaro for three years, where he learned to read and write; then he spent his compulsory military service in Arequipa, and later returned to live with his mother and run the farm. Three years ago he was approached by a priest of the parish, who asked him to consider becoming a catechist. He accepted and was enrolled in our catechetical school in Puno, for a month of intense training.

Every two weeks a Maryknoller goes to Chupa to attend a reunion of volunteer catechists, with Pedro conducting the teacher-training sessions. He is clear in his presentation and apt in questioning the group. If he doesn't recall some doctrinal point he is not ashamed to ask the priest for an explanation.

During the two weeks between sessions Pedro visits the volunteer catechists, encouraging and instructing them. He also explores opportunities for future work and contact. Recently he set up a confession schedule for the rural schools, so that the children could make their Easter duty. He is now completing plans with the principals of the various schools, whereby all pupils will be brought into Chupa for smallpox vaccinations and the combined whooping-cough-and-diphtheria injections administered by Sister Vivian, a Maryknoll Sister-doctor working with us.

For the most part, Pedro has received

extraordinary cooperation. To date, only one hacienda owner has refused to assist us in the spiritual revitalization of the area. That owner will not allow his workers to become volunteer catechists, nor will he permit communal prayers; he also insists that his Indians work on Sundays. But he is the exception to the general rule.

The Government of Peru has been most generous in providing financial aid—enabling our catechists to introduce alphabetization courses among the Indians of the altiplano, where the illiteracy is appallingly high. Pedro has signed up hundreds of adults for these courses. As a result, our Indians are learning to read, not only about their religion, but about economic and social questions as well.

Our system is programmed so that the first Monday and Tuesday of each month bring Pedro and our thirteen other director-catechists into the city of Azangaro, for a two-day retreat. They spend the first day in Bible study, recollection, and communal prayer. On the second day, two conferences are given by priests; and in the afternoon, we hold a business meeting wherein problems are discussed, opinions solicited, and requests made.

Through this monthly, two-day retreat, Pedro and his colleagues receive the spiritual inspiration they need to continue to teach a vital living Faith to their fellow Peruvians who, in spite of themselves, are seeking God. ■ ■

Something to think about and thank God for—such friends as this one! "Dear Fathers: Do you know I have only two dollars and some change in my pocketbook? Still, I am sending you a dollar from this to renew my magazine subscription. This is my sacrifice. I have helped the missions for years." Out of such sacrifice, Maryknoll grows!



*What a fellow needs is a real friend
to love him, teach him, guide him. Children
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*Send a Maryknoll Sister as your agent to
teach Christ's love to the world's children.*

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

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Address City Zone State

As long as I can, I will send \$. a month.

I realize that I may stop at any time.



After a night of terror, a child needs a toy as much as a good meal.

Back in the Barrios

*Text and pictures
by Sister Stephen Marie*

WE called it home visiting—but our Filipinos were homeless. Fifteen thousand in the barrios lost their meager shacks. More than two hundred died. The typhoon moved swiftly across the island of Luzon during the night. Creeks flooded, sweeping away shanties and collapsing bridges. We went out next morning to give what help we could. We did not know what to expect. We found our friends up and doing! Life had to go on.



Yesterday a destructive flood; today a laundry for the women, a swimming hole for the young children. Toni (below) thanks God his family is safe.



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fe.



The flood had washed away their shacks, food, clothing, livestock—but they were making a new start. On home visits we teach the children catechism. No need to do so today. Their parents showed them the corporal works of mercy in action. They fed the hungry. They clothed the naked. They buried the dead. Along the muddy creek's banks men stopped clearing debris to greet us; women waved from their washing. We rejoiced to find so many safe. Up on the hill, in the few remaining houses, old folks cared for the children. They said little of their losses, but—tomorrow they will be hungry. We made a mental note to send rice. ■ ■



In the wreckage men salvage lumber for the living — discover the dead.



"God saved our home!" Sister John Irene (Mahoney) rejoices with Mong Emigio and Aling Tina. In most cases, the aged suffered most severely.

A brave new start—firm ground below, a thatched roof above, and clean clothes. "I'll bring some rice," Sister Miriam Catherine (Good) promises.



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Letters

Of the month

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Young Ambassador

I am ten years old. This is my silver dollar. I hope you can use it for Spanish prayer books. Is there anyone overseas who would like a pen pal? I would like to tell him about America. I would like to tell him the truth.

COLLEEN GAY

Hopkins, Minn.

Veteran Reader

I hope you are not disappointed in me for not sending my renewal sooner. I had to earn it. I just got down to work. Maryknoll helps me be the champion reader of the whole fourth grade at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel School. I started taking MARYKNOLL when I was four or five years old. I wasn't able to read then, but I enjoyed the pictures.

DAMIAN DUPLCHAIN

Houston, Tex.

No Interview

I am sorry I cannot renew my membership. My husband has been unemployed for over a year. He is sixty-two years old and just cannot get any kind of employment on account of his age. He is very capable and willing but it seems like no one will let him in for an interview. I have made so many novenas and prayed to every saint I know. It is very discouraging but I keep telling myself something will turn up.

NAME WITHHELD

St. Louis, Mo.

Irish Martyr

We are setting up a prayer organization of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, who was executed at Tyburn after the Cromwellian massacres of the Irish clergy. Thousands of Catholics throughout the world are now praying for the canonization of Blessed Oliver. If any of your readers would care to join in this crusade, I will send each a novena-relic card with a picture of Blessed Oliver if they will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and mail it to me at Box 253, Brookline 46, Massachusetts. We are operating on a shoestring and that is why we must request the stamped, addressed envelopes. But we are trying to encourage and attract as many new members to the B.O.P.C. (Blessed Oliver Plunkett Crusade) as we can possibly reach.

T. P. JOYCE

Brookline, Mass.

Other Side

Usually MARYKNOLL has good articles but quite often they disappoint and confuse me. For instance, "Pope John Says Good-by" and "America, the World's Good Samaritan." America was praised for our wonderful generosity of self and materials. Not once have I seen an article about victories we aren't winning. Isn't it about time that some Catholic magazines would start writing about the victories the Communists are winning

MARYKNOLL

with people of different lands? Aren't the successes of the Catholic Church small in comparison to those of our enemies?

NAME WITHHELD

Belleville, Ill.

Tonic

I was sitting in my kitchen late the other evening, feeling very low and blue, as we had so much bad luck the past two years. Looking around for something to read, I spied your magazine and read of lots others worse off than we are. Haven't much to offer but am enclosing a dollar. It will at least supply a few prayer books for the First Holy Communicants.

NAME WITHHELD

McGregor, Iowa

Dance Prize

Last year, just before graduating from high school, everything seemed to go wrong. I was feeling pretty sorry for myself when one of the freshman students came along. She is a wonderful girl and terribly crippled with polio. She'll never walk without braces and crutches. Somehow my own problems suddenly became insignificant. I have loved dancing all my life and have won several dance contests. I resolved right then and there to save my pennies and give back gradually the money I won in the contests. I am so thankful to God for the use of my legs. Please use the enclosed for care or treatment of leg injuries.

NAME WITHHELD

New York, N. Y.

What About Bishop Walsh?

It is hoped that the segment of the foreign press which recently so boisterously decried the treatment of Caryl

Chessman will dry its journalistic crocodile tears long enough to write proportionately passionate editorials about the treatment and imprisonment of men like Bishop Walsh in Communist China. There is a radical difference between the legalistic delays granted by our system to a convict of Chessman's caliber and the house arrests, constant police surveillance and harassments accorded Christian missionaries whose only crime is bringing Christ's saving message to all their fellow men.

EDGAR MEINHARDT, JR.

St. Louis, Mo.

Identification

Your little stories from the missionaries are always interesting but how much more so would they be if each were accompanied by a small sketch map of its approximate location. I am embarrassed that seventeen years of formal education left me with such a limited knowledge of geography. Even when I try to look it up in the atlas, I feel pretty helpless. What a service you would be doing my children in making those faraway places come alive on the flat maps of their geographies.

MRS. MARY PIKE

San Marino, Calif.

Follow-up

Due to the publicity you gave the work of the Catholic Literature Distribution Guild, we received many requests for information on how parish committees could be started. Now we are wondering how these committees are progressing. Do they need help? If they will contact us we will give their names to friends in their state who will send packages of magazines.

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Sacred Memorial. Would you care to give an altar crucifix to a missionary in PERU for his church? It can be dedicated to the memory of a member of your family, or a friend. Cost is \$80.

In a City of 100,000 in KOREA, there are possibilities for many conversions to the Faith. To lay the groundwork for this immense job, many catechists will be needed. It will cost \$25 a month, to pay one of these workers for the Faith. Will you encourage them by your financial aid?

Basic Religious Training. In BOLIVIA, people are anxious to learn about God. The basic step is through the use of the catechism. If we could distribute the colored catechisms, it would be a great help in this endeavor. Each catechism costs 10¢; \$200 will cover the cost for all of those badly needed catechisms.

Remember a Loved One and help a missionary at the same time. In GUATEMALA there are two churches without altars. Wouldn't you like to dedicate one as a lasting memorial to a loved one? The cost is \$500 each.

Please send your check to:

The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York

The Dignity It Deserves will be assured when the Sacrament of Baptism can be administered at a baptismal font in a church in CHILE: \$100 will place the font there if you can help.

Good Deed for Today. Boy Scouts in a parish in JAPAN need uniform equipment. It costs \$6 to outfit one boy. Will you be a "good scout" and send Father the price of one outfit?

Altar Needs in Chile. One year's supply of altar wines costs \$25. Candles for a year cost \$75. Can Padre depend on you for part of this expense?

The Summons They Love to Answer. The faithful in a KOREAN town will rejoice when the central mission station receives the large bell it needs. Then, and only then, will they hear the summons to Mass, Vespers, and devotions; \$100 will buy the bell.

It Pays to Advertise! Two bulletin boards are needed for the outside of a church in PERU, to announce the hours of Masses and devotions; \$30 pays for one—two are needed.



New Maryknoll Students **NEED** Your Help



A tree grows in Maryknoll! Each year new branches appear, in the form of young men seeking religious training that will one day send them on missions to foreign lands. To feed, house and train a future missionary costs \$750 a year. Some students are unable to meet this cost, but due to the sacrifices of many Catholic families, Maryknoll never refuses an eligible candidate. Would you like to join with many other families, by sharing the costs of a student's training? By doing so, you will share in his prayers, his sacrifices, and the Masses of all Maryknoll priests.

Their work depends on YOU!

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

2-61

Dear Father:

I enclose \$ toward the \$750 needed to train a future missionary each year. I will send \$ each month to help train a missionary. Please send me a monthly reminder. I understand that this is not a pledge, and that I may discontinue at any time.

MY NAME _____

MY ADDRESS _____

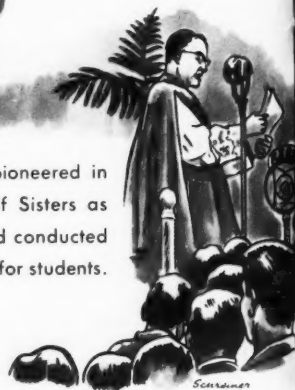
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Who will take his place?



Bishop Francis X. Ford, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the first candidate to enter Maryknoll. He was sent to China in 1918 in the first Maryknoll mission band. After 34 years of helping the Chinese, he was arrested by Reds and died in a Communist jail.

Bishop Ford pioneered in making use of Sisters as catechists, and conducted an apostolate for students.



Christ belongs to ALL the human race

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